

THE CAPE OF STORMS.

We may steer our boats by the compass,
Or may follow the northern star;
We may carry a chart on shore,
As we sail o'er the sea afar.
But whether by star or by compass,
We may guide our boats on our way,
The grim Cape of Storms is before us,
And we'll see it ahead some day.

How the prow may point is no matter,
Nor of what the cargo may be,
If we sail on the northern ocean
Or away on the southern sea,
It matters not what is the pilot,
To what guidance our course conforms—
No vessel sails o'er the sea of life
But must pass the Cape of Storms.

Sometimes we can first sight the headland
On the distant horizon's brim.
We enter the dangerous waters
With our vessels all taut and trim,
But often the cape in its grimness
Will before us suddenly rise,
Because of the clouds that have hid it
Or the blinding sun in our eyes.

Our souls will be caught in the waters
That are lured 'gainst the Storm Cape's face,
Our pleasures and joys, our hopes and fears,
Will join in the maddening race;
Our prayers, desires, our penitent griefs,
Our longings and passionate pain
Be dashed to spray on the stormy cape
And fly back in our face like rain.

But there's always hope for the sailor.
There is ever a passage through.
No soul goes down at the Cape of Storms
If the life and the heart be true.
If in purpose the soul is steadfast,
If faithful in mind and in will,
The boat will glide to the other side,
Where the winds of life are still.
—Lizzie T. Green in Philadelphia Ledger.

A POST DATED PAPER.

Ruin! The word stared me in the face, sang in my ears. Ruin, utter and complete. The prospects with which my hopes had been buoyed up during the last three years faded away like a phantom of the night, for in two days the once prosperous firm of John Farmer & Co., of which I was the sole partner, would be posted up as unable to meet its engagements.

Borrow! Bah! Who would lend? Ill news travels fast, and the market knew I had been badly hit for a firm of my pretensions.

No; there was nothing for it but to face the matter out quietly. For myself, it would not mean much, but for her—ah!

We had been engaged for 18 months, and with business looking so prosperous we had decided that the time was propitious to consummate our happiness, but this rash speculation—what has it not done!—dashed all my hopes to the ground and blighted all prospects of our happy future.

And of this she knows nothing. With a heart of lead and cold drops of agony on my brow, I rose from my office chair. The evening was cold, and as I passed out into the street a neighboring clock chimed 7. For an hour or more I wandered aimlessly about the streets, until at last, feeling sick and ill, I entered a little hostelry off the Strand and called for a glass of brandy.

At first I was under the impression that I was the only occupant of the room, but an indescribable feeling that some one was staring at me made me look up.

Seated in the farthest corner I descried an object with two piercing eyes that seemed to burn into my brain. I could not call him a man. He looked to me to be about 4 feet high, with a face as pale as death. His head was bald save for a single lock that stood up straight as an arrow in a line with his nose. His mouth was thin and delicate, with a long, black mustache drooping down on either side. As I looked at him he left his seat and came toward me.

"Pardon me," he said, "but you appear to be in trouble."

"Who is there that is not in trouble at some time of his life?" I answered, with a laugh.

"What is it?" he asked. "Love?" I shook my head.

"Then it must be money," he concluded.

"Why?" I asked.

"The only things that trouble a man in this world are love and money. Am I not right?"

"The value of your axiom I am not inclined to dispute," I answered; "but, since you seem to take an interest in me, I don't mind saying that, as regards myself, the trouble is money."

"Ah! I thought so—money—money—nothing but money. Market's up—money made; market's down—money lost. Rich today—tomorrow ruin!"

"You speak truly," I answered. "If we only could tell."

"Tell what?" I asked.

"What the morrow will bring forth."

"If we only could!"

"We would be millionaires," he continued.

"Multimillionaires," I assented.

"And yet?"

"Yes."

"If I were to tell you that at this moment I have in my pocket a copy of tomorrow evening's Moon, you would not believe me."

"I would not," I answered.

"I thought not," continued my strange companion. "The world is full of skeptics."

"Do you ask me to believe that you are in possession of information concerning events which have not yet taken place?" I asked.

"I ask you to believe nothing—I merely state facts."

"And what does your supernatural paper contain," I asked—"the state of the markets?"

"The exact state of the markets as they will be at closing time tomorrow and the actual results of tomorrow's racing."

"You must be a wonderful wizard. And what is the price of this post dated paper?"

"What would it be worth to you?" he asked.

"If I had any faith in what you tell me, I would give you pounds for it, but as I believe it would prove to be nothing more than a swindle I don't mind satisfying my curiosity to the extent of a couple of shillings."

"Many people would give a fiver for the racing results alone. Make it half a sovereign and it's yours."

"Not I," I answered. "I never bet on races."

"That's no reason why you shouldn't. Why, a few pounds invested on a horse tomorrow will bring you in thousands."

"Bah!" I answered. "All talk."

"Well," said the stranger, with a sigh, "I would like you to have it. It would do you a lot of good, especially as you are in money troubles. Say 5 shillings!"

"Well, if 5 shillings will be of any service to you, here they are," I said, producing two half crowns.

"You will never regret it. I thank you." And, placing a neatly folded paper upon the table, my mysterious friend disappeared.

Scorning at myself for being so easily duped, and yet with a strong feeling of curiosity, I opened the sheet. On looking at the date I found to my astonishment that my friend had spoken truly. Today was the 12th, and the paper I held in my hands was dated the 13th.

Mechanically I turned to the cotton market, and found that my particular holding was two points up, and although I only had the word of this mysterious stranger to vouch for the accuracy of the report, a strange glow of hope took possession of me.

For was I not morally certain in my own mind that the market would rise during the coming week? Oh, if I could only hold on—but settling day was at hand, and the market could not possibly recover itself sufficiently to balance my losses in so short a time—what could I do?

Turning to other items of the paper I found many paragraphs of stale news, a number of new telegrams relating to foreign affairs and then my eyes fell upon "Today's Racing."

WINNER OF THE INTERNATIONAL STAKES.
Blackfriar 1
Songbird 2
The Poppy 3
Betting—3 to 1 Blackfriar; 2 to 1 Songbird; 10 to 3 The Poppy. Won by a neck.

"Thirty-three to one," I reflected. "A rank outsider; £100 on Blackfriar would bring in over £3,000—more than sufficient to meet settling day. Oh, if I could only trust it!"

The more I thought about it, the more fascinated I became. Thirty-three to one. Could I risk it? The paper was no doubt a fraud, but had chance thrown it in my way for a purpose?

But I was ignorant of betting affairs; even should I decide to risk half of my £200, how was I to set about it?

My further thoughts were rudely interrupted by a resounding slap on the shoulder, and on turning round I beheld in the intruder an old college chum, Dick Hampton.

"Jack Farmer, by all that's lucky! Why, who would have thought of running up against you like this?"

"Why, when did you come down, Dick?"

"Only arrived tonight, my boy. I've just left the north to see the International run tomorrow."

"The International," I murmured, as I crumpled the paper into my pocket.

"Yes. Why, what's the matter with you? You are looking awfully down. Come along with me to the races in the morning. It will live you up."

"No," I answered. "I cannot leave business."

"Business—always business. I suppose you are on the road to become a millionaire—eh?"

"Not quite. But what is going to win tomorrow?"

"Songbird, my boy, without a doubt. You take my advice and have a couple of ponies on it."

"What chance has Blackfriar?"

"Not the slightest ghost of one—it is as rank an outsider as ever carried a jockey. Songbird will romp home and make hacks of the field."

"What price is Blackfriar?" I asked.

"Anything you like."

"And Songbird?"

"Oh, Songbird is quoted at 3 to 1 tonight."

"Supposing I wished to put £100 on Blackfriar—how could I do it?"

"Pshaw, my dear boy, you could get £1,000 on as easily as wink, if you wished to lose it."

"But," I persisted, "say I had £100 to throw away on an off chance, would you undertake to invest it for me on Blackfriar?"

"There, I knew you were a millionaire. Of course, if you have a fancy for the animal, back it, but as sure as ducks can swim the money might just as well be thrown into the gutter."

"Well, anyway I will give you my check for £100 to be put on Blackfriar for the International."

"S. P.?" inquired Hampton.

"What is that?" I asked.

"I say, Jack, old man, but you are green—S. P. means starting price. If you back it S. P., you get your money back if it doesn't run, but if you take a stated price about it, and it gets scratched, you lose your money without having the satisfaction of a run for it."

"Then S. P. by all means," I answered. "And now let us go and have some supper."

After supper we spent a very pleasant hour together, and I was

enlightened upon many mysterious racing technicalities, and finally wended my way home in a far better frame of mind than that with which I had started the evening.

But in the early hours of the morning the old horror of my position dawned upon me in all its reality.

The false beacon of hope which had buoyed up my spirits at the close of the previous evening now presented itself to me in the form of an imbecile bet. I had for a short period imagined that my fortunes could be rebuilt by the caprice of a race horse whose existence I had not dreamed of 12 hours before, and I quickly realized that instead of improving my position I had merely placed a further £100 in jeopardy.

Yet it seemed strange that I should thus meet the rogue who sold me the paper which lured me to my folly. However, I reflected that, being so deeply in the mire, another inch or two as represented by the £100 would not make so much difference.

But the game is not lost until it is won, and I determined to face matters boldly, and when my broker called at my office to sound me as to my position I assured him, with all the self assurance I could muster, that the aspect of affairs caused me no uneasiness.

But the weariness of the day—the feverish excitement that took possession of me as the hours rolled on!

With my eyes fastened on the clock I watched the hands slowly creep to the hour fixed for the race.

And when the gong sounded the first stroke of 3 I started in my chair as if I had heard a thunder-clap.

Now they are off and my fortunes hang upon a horse and jockey. In my imagination I could hear the thud of many hoofs as they spurned the ground in that wild scramble toward the winning post.

Then half an hour later I heard the newsboys racing down the street shouting with their brazen lungs: "Special! Winner of the International!" And a nauseating sickness crept over me—my head spun round and round as I staggered out and purchased a paper.

With trembling hands I laid it on my desk, and for some minutes I sat there not daring to open it. Then, composing myself with a great effort, I opened the sheet and let my eyes rest upon the fatal column.

Great heavens! Could I believe my senses? There staring me in the face was:

Blackfriar 1
Elephant 2
Songbird 3

The paper dropped from my nerveless hands and I fell back in my chair with a gasp.

My position was saved as if by a miracle.

At 8 o'clock I went to the Norfolk hotel to meet Dick Hampton, and found him with a face as long as the proverbial fiddle.

"Jack, you lucky dog—but it's always the way—a man spends the best part of his days studying horses, and thinks he's found a good thing, when up comes a greenhorn that can't tell a horse from a hayseed, spots an outsider and wins a fortune."

"Well, look here, Dick, you needn't grudge it to me. If Blackfriar had lost, I would have been a bankrupt tomorrow. When can I get the money?"

"Good heavens, man, you don't mean to say that all your luck was on that horse? Well, some people ride a forlorn hope and get home, while others get thrown over the rails. As to the money, I can give you my check tonight and settle with the bookmaker tomorrow."

And as soon as the bank opened in the morning I paid £3,400 into my account, and forwarded a check to my broker to cover my week's losses.

From that day the market rose steadily, and a fortnight later I cleared out with a snug little £20,000.

Six months after I was leaving my office to go home to my little house at Richmond, where my dear wife was awaiting me. The evening was raw and chill with a driving rain. Passing beneath the light of a street lamp, a man accosted me and begged for alms.

It was the man who had sold me the post dated paper.

Full of curiosity, I took him into a public house near at hand, and, having ordered some refreshment, I turned to him.

"Do you remember," I asked, "selling me, six months ago, a post dated paper giving the winner of the International?"

"Perhaps I did," he answered. "I've sold lots of them."

"Explain."

"Well, you see, sir, it is this way: There are a lot of fools in this world—and there is no fool like a sporting fool. A man can be persuaded to back anything in a race. I had a friend who had a printing press and I hit upon the idea of printing a paper to resemble The Evening Moon, dating it a day in advance and filling in the sporting column with a few outside horses at long prices. Then I haunted the hotels and drinking bars until I spotted my man, got into conversation with him, put on a mysterious air and generally finished up with disposing of a copy for half a sovereign."

"But how did you come to place Blackfriar as the winner of the International?"

"Pure luck, sir, pure luck. I knew no more about the horse than a babe unborn."

Giving the man a sovereign I departed, reflecting upon the strange fortunes that befall a man in this life and blessing the lucky chance that led me to purchase a "post dated paper."—London Tit-Bits.

Mathew's House.

Some years ago a San Francisco banker maintained a country house upon what were supposed to be entirely original lines. It was, however, a poor imitation of the establishment of Mr. Mathew of Thomastown, Ireland, who lived in the earlier years of the last century. Mr. Mathew inherited an annual income of about \$125,000. For many years he lived abroad in a very frugal manner in order to accumulate an amount that would enable him to indulge in a form of hospitality in his own country in harmony with the plan he had devised. His house in Ireland might be compared in size with a modern hotel. Each of those he wanted to visit him had a suit of apartments and ordered his meals at the hour that best suited him. He could eat alone or he could invite others to join him. All the visitors hunted, shot, fished, played billiards or cards at will, and all brought their own horses. There was a regular bar where drinks were served without stint.

Mr. Mathew as host completely effaced himself. He mingled with his visitors as one whose stay was as definitely fixed as theirs. In fact, he conducted his house as if it were a hotel, with the exception that all was without charge. No servant was allowed to accept a tip. Violation of this rule was followed by the instant dismissal of the offender. This establishment, unlike other country houses of Ireland of the period, was conducted with perfect order and method and without waste. His hospitality was lavish and attracted to Mr. Mathew all of the more famous men of the time. The great sum that he had put aside during his residence abroad enabled him to indulge his hospitable instincts until he died.—New York Sun.

An Irish Schoolhouse.

Nearly every day I saw the children going to school in the morning and met them returning in the evening. Their aspect had the same untamed wildness then that it had as I saw them running about the bogs and crags that surrounded the home village, is the comment of a writer in The Outlook. The schoolhouse was four miles distant along a desolate road winding through the dun marshes. The children went barefoot and bareheaded, except for a few of the older boys, who wore caps. They each carried a piece of dry bread for their noon lunch, and that was all the food they had till they returned home late in the afternoon. But, with all their hardships, they looked sturdy and healthy. Probably weaklings do not survive long. Once I noticed that a boy in a group of children returning from school carried a book, and I asked to see it. It was a most forlorn little third reader, a wreck of a book—covers broken, marked and greasy within, and many pages gone or torn.

The schoolhouse was a bare modern building, with gray plaster walls. It stood in the center of a rough, rocky yard that was surrounded by a high stone wall. Outside the inclosure all was bog.

The Old Order Changes.

The old Scots parliament decreed that "golf and football shall be utterly cryt dune," and today the Scots parliament does not exist, while football and golf have inherited the earth.—Edinburgh Dispatch.

Effective Prayer.

A pretty anecdote is related of a child who was greatly perturbed by the discovery that her brothers had set traps to catch birds. Questioned as to what she had done in the matter, she replied, "I prayed that the traps might not catch the birds."

"Anything else?" "Yes," she said. "I then prayed that God would prevent the birds getting into the traps."

And, as if to illustrate the doctrine of faith and works, she went and kicked the traps all to pieces.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Reproof.

Wife (wearily)—Ah, me, the days of chivalry are past!

Husband—What's the matter now?

Wife—Sir Walter Raleigh laid his cloak on the ground for Queen Elizabeth to walk over, but you got angry simply because poor, dear mother sat down on your hat.—London Fun.

Hervo's Musical Career.

Hervo, the French composer, began his musical career as an organist. When a boy, he strolled into a church one day and persuaded the blower to let him try the organ after the service. He then improvised something wonderfully sweet and strange. The priest happened to hear it, strolled in and was amazed. "Where did you learn to play the organ, my boy?" he asked.

"This is the first time I have ever played it, father," he replied.

"Well, you had better apply for the post of organist here," said the priest. "There is a vacancy next week."

The boy applied and was accepted.

The Pope does his private writing with a gold pen, but the pontifical signature is always written with a pen made from the feather of a white dove.

OLD TIME TROTTERS.

A Great Race That Was Run in President Jackson's Time.

The sports of the turf were growing in popularity in the United States. The contest lay principally between the Messengers and the Bashaws, though for a time the Stars in their courses had prevailed against both. Probably all were of original Arabian stock. The Stars were slight of limb and had a tendency to contraction of the feet. The stronger Messengers were more to be depended upon for long distance trotting. The Bashaws came from Barbary, and were of near and unquestionable Arabian origin.

One of the most famous races in all the history of the turf was at this time fresh in the public mind. Hunting Park course, in Philadelphia, was the scene, the time 1831. The actors were such notable fliers as Toppallant, Whalebone, Dread, Chancellor, Collector, Lady Jackson, Moonshine and Columbus. The course was a three mile track, and there were four heats. The horses were generally docked, and the riders wore gorgeous suits of silk. "Eight such horses," says Woodruff, "and such riders had never met before, and it is doubtful whether they will again."

Toppallant, a Messenger, was nearly 24 years old, and was spavined at that. Whalebone had no pedigree, and was minus one eye. Columbus was known as the first horse that ever trotted the three mile course in less than eight minutes. He had a record of 7:58. Collector won the first heat, Toppallant the second and Dread the third and fourth.

The victor was a gelding. Up to this time all famous male trotters were doomed to be the last of their line. The era of trotting stallions was dawning. The rising hope of the Bashaws was a famous pacer, who was destined to make a record of two miles in 5:18 at the Centerville (N. Y.) race in 1835. His name was shared with the great Democratic president, and reporters for the papers divided their space equitably between the two. Even a reference to Andrew Jackson the Bashaw was not sufficiently specific in those days, for the Barbary title was one by which more than one lady of the cabinet circle had designated the executive himself.

The Barbary horse was really the Arabian horse, that had removed with his master from the desert peninsula to northern Africa. The Arabs claim that the horse was first tamed by Ishmael, the son of Abraham—or, as they style him, Ismail, ibn Ibrahim—and that their famous coursers of the present day are the descendants of the steeds of the patriarch's family. Indeed the oriental horse trader will not blush to present to you a written pedigree, if you require it, giving all the names of the sires in ascending line to the days of King Solomon. The less the traveler in Arabia is acquainted with the Arab character the more he will be impressed with these "claims of long descent."

Your true Arabian steed stands 14 to 15 hands high, with large head and deep jaw, large and gentle eyes, light neck, high wither, muscular forearm, short back, round "barrel," narrow hind quarter and high set tail. He is not always gray in color, as is popularly supposed. He is a constant galloper, a bold jumper, a docile, courageous and lovable creature. He has improved in size by his removal to Barbary, and as a consequence the Barbary type corresponds more to the American ideal.—Hubert M. Skinner in Arena.

Not Equal to the Test.

There is a business man in this town who is a terror to stenographers. His amanuensis, who has been with him a long time, was recently taken sick. The employer mailed a letter to a local business college to send him a stenographer and typewriter. The business man is very particular about his vocabulary and wants everything written just as he dictates it. Therefore, in order to test the newcomer's accuracy, he instead of dictating an ordinary business letter, gave forth the following at a rate of speed that would do justice to a stump speaker:

"In promulgating your esoteric cogitation or articulating your superficial sentimentalities and amicable philosophical or psychological observations beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let"—

But he got no further, for the poor amanuensis broke his pencil in the effort, after which he got up, forebore the perspiration from his forehead and quickly left the office.—Philadelphia Record.

Wood Stone.

From a mixture of magnesite and sawdust subjected to a high temperature and great pressure Dr. Otto Lehnig has produced a substance which he calls "xyloolith," or "wood stone." It can be cut with tools, but, it is said, does not burn and does not absorb moisture. The inventor thinks it should prove useful as a building material.

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PLAYED ON HIS WEAKNESS.

How a Refractory Chimpanzee Was Brought Into Submission.

The series of "historical monkeys" kept at the zoo began with Joe, a chimpanzee, which the creation of the new monkey house enabled to be kept alive for some time. Frank Buckland's description of his management by Mr. Bartlett gives an insight into his readiness and resource in dealing with different animals. The big ape needed exercise. This he obtained by being allowed the run of the large monkey house, instead of remaining in a side room, before the visitors came. As he knew he would be caught and put back into his own room at this hour, the ape used to climb up to the top of the other monkeys' cages and refuse to come down. As he could not be tempted by food, Mr. Bartlett appealed to his mind by working on what he had noted to be his weak points, curiosity and cowardice. This is Frank Buckland's account of the daily proceedings at this hour: "Mr. Bartlett went to the keeper, and, touching him gently on the shoulder, directed his attention in a mysterious manner to the dark passage underneath the gas pipe which traverses the house, pretending to point out to Sutton some horrible unknown creature, using an energetic manner, but saying nothing except words to this effect: 'Look out! There he is! There he is!'" At the same time the two men would peer into the dark place under the gas pipe.

The monkey used presently to come down to see what the subject of fear and interest was, when Mr. Bartlett and Sutton used to shout: "He's coming out! He's coming out!" and rushed away in the direction of Joe's cage. The monkey would rush for the same place of safety, which happened to be the door of his own house, and sometimes enter it before them. Buckland notes it as curious that the monkey never learned the deception, but would be taken in by it whenever the time came to finish his morning's airing.

These "indirect methods" of animal management, sometimes akin to the "wonderful way" some people have with little children, never failed Mr. Bartlett. To the last he would walk around and see all the creatures as to whose health or temper the keepers had any misgivings, and his suggestions or directions were scarcely ever at fault. Take, for example, the difficult case of a rhinoceros with a bad "place" on his face. The question was, Does the abscess come from a